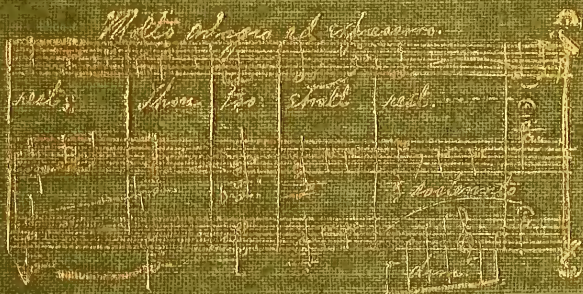


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TO
MY MOTHER

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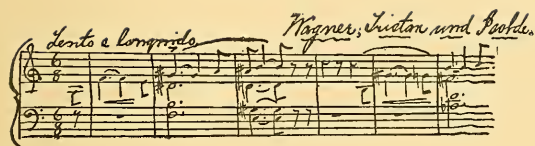
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NOTE.

Certain of the poems included in this volume were originally published in *The Musical Courier*, of New York, and in *Music*, of Chicago. Thanks are due to the publishers of these magazines for permission to reprint the same.

PART I.



“ O music, thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man, as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over, art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future ? ”

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

TO MUSIC.

“ THE man that hath no music in himself
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.”

Gloriously spoken, bard of bards sublime !
After thy clarion tones my timid lute
Tremblingly falters and would fain be mute,
But the electric life of thy grand song
Flashes and quivers in my heart so strong,
I must, perforce, sing out my paltry rhyme.

He hath not loved who ne'er hath felt the power
Of heaven-born harmonies within him sounding,
When pulse and nerve with tenser life are bound-
ing,

And the whole being's silent depths are stirred
By the soul's long-imprisoned music-bird
Breaking in floods of song for one blest hour.

He ne'er hath rapture known who hath not wept
To hear once more some song of days long fled,
When life was loveliest and one, now dead,
Sang the low tearful strains in accents sweet,
Timed to the influence of her warm heart's beat,
While odorous jessamine on her bosom slept.

They only know the fullest, holiest bliss
Who float forever on enchanted seas,
Where music vibrates on each trancèd breeze,
And strange, fantastic, perfume-puissant flowers
Drift o'er the wave from foam-fringed, sea-green
 bowers,
Bearing the scents of faery-lands to this.

They only live whom music's spell doth thrill,
Whether in great cathedrals where the air
Is heavy with the melodies of prayer ;
Or in spring gardens, roseate with bloom,
Where music is half color, half perfume,
And nesting birds their mystic measures trill.

Would it were granted unto all to hear
The magic music of the hidden chorus !
Would all could see the music-lands before us !
Would all could feel the touch of heavenly hands
Guiding their spirits into those blest lands
Where pain is dead and dried is every tear !

TO AN ANCIENT LUTE.

OH, ancient lute, for centuries unstrung,
Now in my chamber hung,
Thou mockest my brief life by thy long years ;
Fashioned by hands long dead,
In ages that have fled,
When long-dead songs to long-dead eyes brought
tears.

Oh, ancient lute, what hand last touched thy
string,
What dulcet voice did sing,
The song which last stole tremulous from thy
breast ?
Was 't some Ionian maid,
Who, 'neath the ilex shade,
A tender tale of timid love confessed ?

Or was 't a youthful poet, rapture-fraught,
Wrestling with some great thought,

Whose ardent fingers swept with touch of fire ?
Or was 't an Eastern slave,
Unquestioning and grave,
Who, pensive, played with hands which must not
tire ?

Or was 't some vine-circ't woman, half divine,
Flushed rosy with wild wine,
Who, languorous leaning, voiced an amorous lay ?
While youths, with lips afire,
Watched her with mad desire,
And swooning stars swung down the deeps of day !

Oh, ancient lute, though mute, thou utterest
truth,
To my impetuous youth,
Which fain would dare all things for deathless fame:
Thy presence says : " Beware !
You tread on paths of air,
Death soon will rob you of your cherished name.

" The busy brain which gave to me its thought,
The tireless hands which wrought,
Lie long forgotten in the misty past.

The blithely warbling throat,
Which sang th' enraptured note,
Full many cycles gone has sung its last."

Oh, ancient lute, although thy words be true,
No labor should man rue,
Which lifts his soul above life's rough reality.
What though the longed-for fame
Prove but a rush-light flame,
The earnest struggle wins its immortality.

TWO SCHERZOS.

(1) TO SYLVIA.

ONE little word from thee, my dearest,
Is more to me than shining gold ;
One little smile from thee, my fairest,
Is worth far more than gems untold.

One soft caress from thee, my loved one,
Outweighs all treasures earth could buy ;
When thy sweet lips to mine are pressing,
The joys of heaven I deny !

For when I clasp thee to my beating heart,
I have all wealth man could desire :
Thy hair the gold, thine eyes the jewels,
Thy glowing lips the heavenly fire !

(2) SERIO-COMIQUE.

“ I ’ve a secret, Punchinello,
Grotesque gnome in white and yellow,
Whimsic fellow,
I will tell, oh—
It will cause you deep surprise !
Oft my future glance has sought you,
Unsuspicious, and has caught you,
With a look that love has taught you—
And has brought you in your eyes.

“ Foolish fellow, Punchinello,
Streaked with clown-paint white and yellow,
Dost thou seem a fitting wooer
For the rose-lipped Columbine ?
Though mad Harlequin belie thee,
Though Pierrot in love defy thee,
I have half a mind to try thee,
And repay thy love with mine ! ”

Thus ’mid mimicry and masking,
Hearts were given for the asking ;
Cupid hovers,
Over lovers,

E'en in motley pantomime;
When at last the play was ended,
And their homeward way they wended,
Lips and hearts together blended,
'Neath the night's midnight moonshine.

CODA.

See, the mellow moon hangs yellow,
And it lights up Punchinello,
Sitting lonely in a graveyard
By a mound of eglantines :
All night long his watch he 's keeping,
And his eyes are worn with weeping,
For beneath the sod lies sleeping
His crushed heart and Columbine's.

PHANTASIESTÜCKE (*Schumann*).

SINK, drowsy soul, into the arms of sleep,
A dream-fraught, phantom-haunted, restless sleep,
A sleep that springs from sources opiate,
With visions hovering o'er the midnight couch ;
Shimmering visions set in sunset clouds,
Of crystal palaces and star-tipped towers,
And iridescent waterfalls that slip
O'er ruby rocks with dash of fiery spray,
Losing themselves in amethystine seas ;
Of snowy peaks alive with northern lights ;
Of forest solitudes, all green with ferns ;
Of sapphire oceans lapping amber sands ;
And pale blue caves in cool, unfathomed depths,
Where mermaids sing sad songs the livelong day.

.
Then flocking phantoms of brave heroes, slain
On fields historic ; gleaming swords and shields
And battle-axes ; banners floating wild,

All blood-stained o'er a shadowy host of troops ;
Tempestuous onsets ; shrieks of mortal woe,
Shocks of battalions rending the dun air ;

Then suddenly the great kaleidoscope
Shifts the gigantic crystals of its lens,
Showing new patterns to the eager eye.
A dim Pharaohnic tomb of adamant ;
The heart within an ageless pyramid
Which breaks the uniformity of sight
Across the Libyan desert : In the tomb
A woman, fair as Grecian Helen was,
Sits musing in the shadows, with her head
Resting upon a hand of sculptured grace.
Her eyes, as deeply bright as midnight stars,
Are fixed on the dead Pharaoh by her side,
And low she whispers : “ Tell me, What is Death ?
O thou great king ! ” And straight the vision
fades.

But lo ! the woman stands within a grove,
Bounding an Indian temple ; on all sides
Are rock-hewn images of ancient gods
With lips ironic and impassive gaze,
And strange, mysterious features of old days

When men were monsters and the fervid earth
Brought forth weird fantasies of bird and beast ;
Amid these idols the fair woman, lonely,
Wandered and questioned every leering face,
Asking her sphinxine query : " What is Death ? "
But each carved god gazed back unansweringly.

.
A crash of thunder smote the sultry air ;
A lightning-bolt fell hissing in the sea,
And by the intermittent lights above
Upon the lashed sea-strand, wet with spray,
The woman wanders calling to the skies,
" Oh ! tell me, What is Death ? " A raging swirl
Of ocean-fury caught her in its arms
And hurled her downward into the abyss,
While all the winds shrieked shattering in her
ears—

" Oh, woman, *this* is Death ! A bubble cast
Down to the depths of night from whence it came."

ARABESQUE POÉTIQUE (*Schumann*).

I.

LONG, long ago, when the earth was young,
A wonderful springtime arose from the deep,
Waking the land from its dreamless sleep ;
And on sea-swept shore and on mountain bare
Flowers came flocking everywhere,
Crimson and purple, dusky and fair,
Bowing their heads as in silent prayer,
To the bright benediction of sun-blest air ;
While out, like a song on the breezes just flung,
Or like vibrating echoes from chimes just rung,
A whisper of joy came to all the world,
That spring's blue banner was now unfurled.

II.

Far, far to the east, near the pearl-laden sea,
Where tawny-hued tigers have made their lair,

Lay a garden aflame with blossoms rare :
Fantastic lilies of blood-red hue,
With orient sunshine filtered through ;
Asphodels, lit with translucent blue ;
Champak-eyes weeping with tears of dew ;
Serpentine creepers bewildering grew ;
But a strange sweet plant with buds of white
Appeared in the garden one star-still night,
And in all the world there seemed no power,
To unfold one bud to a snowy flower.

III.

Then the wind of the desert arose from the sand,
And blew o'er the garden fierce and hot ;
The timid buds trembled yet opened not :
Then the baffled wind in its fury sped,
And, sweeping the sands from the desert's bed,
Whirled them aloft on its writhing head,
Uncovering bones of men, long dead ;
While the fleet wild horses in terror fled,
And the coppery sky was fraught with fear,
The sun through the shifting sands did peer,
Like a horror-struck man, who, with stifled breath,
Feels the clammy touch of a leprous death !

IV.

Then the clove-scented breezes from dreaming
Malay
Sailed slow o'er the shimmering Indian sea,
And sang to the buds in a mild melody ;
But, when they awoke not from their sleep,
The breeze felt its tempest-born passions creep,
And it sprang on the ocean with frantic leap,
Tearing it up from its slumbers deep,
Till it smote the clouds with a swirling sweep ;
And, warring together with thund'rous commotion,
The winds of the sky and the waves of the ocean
Seemed maniac giants, whose lightning-red eyes
Struck terror to earth and set fire to the skies !

V.

From caverns of ice and from sleet-swept fields
Came the cruel winds of the Himalay,
But the buds from its kisses shrunk away ;
So, rushing back to its haunts of snow,
Shrieking and howling with clamorous woe,
It severed the ice-bound rocks, blow by blow,
Hurling the avalanche down below,

Which snapped the pine trees like strings of a bow ;
Then deep in a cavern of ceaseless cold,
Wrapped in a snowy shroud, fold on fold,
It shivered to sleep, while the pale blue stars
Threw steely reflections like prison bars.

VI.

From Brahma's great throne in high paradise,
The kind Saravastî bends down her eyes
Seeing Vâyû, the wind, as he vanquished lies ;
Then down from that realm which forever abides,
Whence life flows, thence returning, in endless
 tides,
Where each sphere on a journey of melody rides,
Like a sigh in a dream, Saravastî now guides
Her pathway, and into the still garden glides.
And the night-soul trembles, such light doth shine
From floating vesture and face divine,
And the white-budded plant no longer cowers,
But bursts its buds in a crown of flowers.

VII.

'T is a legend old, yet forever new,
For few are the souls that can ever know

The way to unfold those buds of snow.
The heart must unlearn its "mine and thine,"
Its sulphurous storms of passion resign,
The sparks of the earth love must combine
With sparks from the forges of love divine,
Ere the true-love coronal gleam and shine ;
The wind of the desert must sink to rest,
The ocean wind die on the ocean's breast,
The cruel wind from the chilly north
Must sleep e'er the true-love flowers come forth.

.

AUFSCHWUNG (ELEVATION) (*Schumann*).

“ J' étais seul près des flots, par une nuit d'étoiles
Pas un nuage aux cieux, sur les mers pas des voiles,
Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel ;
Et les bois, et les monts, et toute la nature,
Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure,
Les flots les mers, les feux du ciel.”

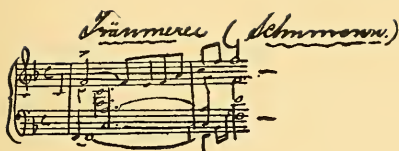
VICTOR HUGO.

My soul is lifted up on mighty wings
Above the slumbers of a weary world,
Above the haunts of care, disease, and death,
Where ceaseless war rends every human heart,
And anguish tunes the harp-string of all life ;
Above the world my soul is wafted high,
Where myriad stars go whirling on and on,
Where wandering meteor-balls of blaze burn bright,
Where fierce, hot suns shoot tongues of living fire,
Where swooning spheres swing down o'er flaming
arcs,
Where white-faced moons glide glimmering through
the air,

And rushing comets trail their pennons light :
Amid the glories of this wondrous sight,
My soul cried out : " O Thou Supreme Aware,
Watcher and guardian of these planets bright,
Unfold the mystery of all thy work,
How move these orbs of fire through boundless
space,
Each on its special pathway, without harm
Unto another ? " Then my ears were stunned
By music boundless, mighty as the sea,
When tides run high and smite the iron rocks ;
Each star, each sun, each planet ran its course
In time and tune with some great thrilling chord,
Of such transcending power that had one note
Burst on the timid atmosphere of Earth,
Earth had been shattered. But these shining stars
Lived in that radiant music, sailed its tides,
Like world-ships on a sounding sea of fire :
Each great sphere-chord combined with other
chords,
To swell the harmony, till All That Is—
From nether depths of space to highest reach—
Was filled with oceans of titanic sound ;
Music-waves broke in gleaming crests of light ;
Music waves surged across the wastes of space,

Making the Boundless tremble with delight.
“Enough,” I cried, “Enough, thou Sovereign
Power !

Let my delirious soul return to Earth,
Lest the gigantic melodies of Heaven,
O’erthrow my reason, O Thou King of Stars !”
A rushing wind swept by me in the depths,
A blaze of moons flashed up from the abyss,
The whole air shuddered, and my soul awoke !



THE world grows dim at the death of the day,
The soul sets sail on an undulous ocean,
And, lulled to rest by its musical motion,
In happy dreamings it sinks away.
It dreams that, ere long, it will reach some land,
Where all will be found that it wildly craves ;
Where tremulous palms grow close to the strand,
And the sea sobs softly in coral caves.
A land where summer is always dwelling,
Where planets of love are alive in the skies ;
Where the heart with emotion is ever swelling
At the tender confessions of youth-young eyes.
A land where the nightingales sing to the roses,

Where the night is a-quiver with music out-
poured ;
Where the passion-flower burns and its rent heart
discloses,
And life's dissonance melts to a musical chord.
And the dream is so sweet that the soul would
not waken,
But would drift for aye o'er the wonderful waves :
For only in dreams is the heart unforsaken,
'T is the dream-sea only that hides no graves.

ON A POLONAISE (*F. Chopin*).

“ Polen, Oh Polen ! Kehrten heim die Kühnen !
Unter ihren Sohlen würdest du ergrünen ;
Unter ihren Händen würdest frei du werden,
Alle Leiden enden, schönstes Land der Erden ! ”
POLEN'S GRABGESANG.

Would that these heart-stirring rhythms,
This terrible music-wrought story ;
Would that this flashing of armor,
This shock of battalions all gory ;
Would that this tone-scene of battle
Were more than a dream of dead glory !

Would that these wild-rushing octaves,
This onset of war-chords, soul thrilling,
Were shoutings of Poland's brave soldiers,
The red vault of heaven loud filling !
Would that this triumphing climax
Were victory !—Russia's voice stilling.

Suddenly comes a great silence :—
Then thunders of dire agitation ;
Huge minor chords hurled upon majors
With ominous reverberation,
And the war-tones, so grandly heroic,
Are drowned in the dirge of a nation !

NOCTURNE (*Chopin*).

MURMUR, Soft Winds,
Over the slumb'rous sea, whose velvet waves
Wash with low lapping sound in rocky caves,
Where dreaming mermaids rest,
Rocked on the ocean's breast,
By white foam-fingers caressed :
Murmur, Soft Winds !

Shine, Silver Moon,
Gleam through the branches on the ice-bound
brook,
Which hides itself in many a forest nook,
Where first spring violets grow,
Blood purple on the snow,
That the heart of winter may know
That summer's heart beats below :
Shine, Silver Moon !

Love, Youthful Heart,
Now, while thy halcyon days are long and bright,
While ne'er a cloud bedims the glowing light ;
 The eager years rush on,
Life's springtide soon is gone.
 Love, Youthful Heart !

FANTASIE IN F MINOR (*Chopin*).

WHAT spirit is hid in the violin,
What soul forlorn, deeply sunken in sin ?
No human eye hath e'er looked therein—
To find that spirit which sobs in pain,
Which sheds soft tears like a summer rain,
Which yearns for a bliss it can ne'er attain ;
No eye can behold the spirit within
The anguished heart of the violin.
How it trembles and shudders and whispers low
When its strings are touched by the master's bow !
How it shrieks in agony rent from the heart
When the master invokes the genie of art,
And plays till hot tears from his eyelids start,
For the violin's soul is his counterpart !
And the spirit imprisoned strives to be free,
To escape on the wings of some melody,
To cleanse its sins in the music's blood,
And ascend, forgiven, to music's God ;

But the cruel master bids it stay,
And its passionate pleadings die away
To a sombre silence, dim and gray.
And thus 't is in life with the human soul,
It longs to soar to its final goal,
And with eager fingers at once unroll
The mystical parchment of Destiny's scroll,
To fly unfettered to heaven's bright stars,
Bursting forever its earth-forged bars ;
But Life, the master, bids it remain,
Enduring yet longer its sorrow and pain,
And so it cowers, in anguish and sin,
An imprisoned soul in Life's violin.

BALLADE (*Chopin*).

'T WAS in springtime by a river,
Green below and blue above ;
It was Nature's perfect playtime,
It was Cupid's merry Maytime,
And the air itself did quiver,
And the willows bend and shiver
With the ecstasy of gay-time
And the pulsing pains of love.

By the river sat a maiden,
Where the fretting waters lave ;
Like the birds she too is singing,
On the air the sweet notes flinging,
But they tremble to our ears,
With a weight of unshed tears ;
Minor strains are in them ringing,
For she sits beside a grave.

L'AMOUR MYSTIQUE.

(On a Chopin prelude.)

METHOUGHT I wandered in a purple plaisance,
Where summer's largess strewed the earth with
flowers ;

Where scarlet anadems exhaled fresh fragrance,
And trilling thrushes thrilled the listening hours.

Methought that one stood with me whose low voice
Whispered sweet secrets of sublimest sin ;
Of orient delights, barbaric pleasures ;
Of weird wild wines with passion's pearl therein ;

Of royal romances, imperial crime-kings ;
Of pomp and blazoned pageantry of old ;
Of Sardanapal and his shame-stained palace ;
Of Nero and his dædal house of gold.

The warm winds quivered with mysterious import ;
The red stars tossed their crests of throbbing
flame ;

And lo ! the one beside me hoarsely whispered,
“ I am thy love, but ask me not my name.”

Then, with cyclonic heats, the strange one clasped
me,

I felt fierce kisses fall from burning breath ;
My shuddering soul cried out in anguished accents,

“ I know thy touch ! I know thy name,—’t is
Death ! ”

ISOLDEN'S LIEBES-TOD.

(*Richard Wagner's Tristan und Isolde.*)

A CHORD of agony, a silence brief,
Then tremblingly a melody steals in
From mystic violins, entrancing, sweet,
Breathing of rapture, night, and moon-bathed
 flowers,
Throbbing on vibrant harp-strings, till the air
Is heavy with melodious perfume,
And nightingales are swooning with delight ;
Onward it flows like some harmonious river,
Washing with crystal wave on dreaming shores,
Pulsating wilder as it nears the ocean,
Dashing with mad emotion, till at last,
With upward rush of surging music-waves,
It meets the ocean in a grand embrace,
And, lost in that eternal sea of bliss,
It sinks to magic silence, calm and deep,
Resting forever 'neath the stars of love.

EIN TRAUM.

“ Zu viel ! Zu viel ! O dass ich nun Erwachte ! ”

“ Auf, aus der Träume

Wonnigen Trug !

Erwache, Mann, und erwäge ! ”

My spirit wandered in the field of dreams,
Lingering I listened to lyres of night ;
Before my wildered sight, with lambent might,
I saw the Northern light, with crimson leap,

Its fire-fringed banners up the sky-world sweep,
Eclipsing, in the blaze of its red streams,
The fitful gleams
Of the pale south-star's beams ;
I saw the southern moon,
With pallid swoon,
Reel downward lost to view in cloud-gulfs deep.

And then, as in a glass,
I saw swift pass
Shades of the dear, dead days of old romance ;
Knights, brave with helm and lance,
On steeds that all advance,
With royal mien and fiery prance.
While love-lorn damozels with floating hair,
And faces lily-fair
Seek out each knight with pleading, timid glance,
Full of a sweet despair.

Tannhäuser saw I, wearied with love's wiles,
And surfeited with smiles,
Couched in exotic love-blooms breathing death ;
Until, with vague alarms,
He strove to untwine Love's arms,
And cried the magic word,—“ Elizabeth ! ”

I saw sad Elsa's face,
Where pain had left its trace,
Quiver to tear-drops at the mysterious sight
Of one who came from far to be her knight,
Armored in silver bright,
With locks of sun-kissed light,
His skiff's proud pilot but a swan, snow-white.

Then rock-couched, circled with fire,
A form which did inspire
The heats of youthful Siegfried, passion's son :
Then, couched in love's red, rent heart,
Whence the long life-sources start,
Lost to both honor and shame,
Two burnings blent into one flame,
Tristram and Iseult, by their love undone.

Then I heard a voice soft call,
And I saw a woman tall,
And blossoming in beauties, poison-rife ;
I saw her strive to enthrall
A youth who outshone them all,
Who had vanquished many knights in gory strife ;
But he slipped from her witching spell,
Which showed naught but a rapturous hell,
He won for the temptress new life,
And she called him,—“ Parsifal.”

And so to my dreaming gaze
Passed the heroes of knightly days,
The damozels of happy old romance.
But I murmured, with voice hushed low,
“ Oh, tell me, before ye go,

Is there naught in the world but woe ? ”
And each whispered, with sobbing breath,
“ Ah, yes, there is love and death ;
And death is glorious when it softly slips
Betwixt the heats of closely clinging lips ” ;
And so at last,
They gently passed,
And I awakened from the long, sweet trance.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

Is it the moved air or the moving sound
That is life's self, and draws my life from me,
And by instinct, ineffable decree
Holds my life quailing on the bitter bound?
" Say ! is it life or death thus thunder crowned ?"
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

FATALITY ; a loosening of all ties :
A wild abandon to the instant bliss !
Nirvâna of all life save passion's sighs !
Passion enfocused to one flaming light,
Blinding the hell beneath, the heaven above :
Concentrate fire of overwhelming love,
Burning in one long kiss.

Twin stars of night's mid noon,
Which track the flying moon,
Athirst for some new delight
Which lies hidden from mortal sight,

In a deathless, rapturous swoon,
At the rich warm heart of the night :
While zephyrs of subtle perfume,
And flowers of fantastic bloom,
Breathe through the violet gloom,
Where remembrance lies hid in a tomb.

But night's shadows soon fade away,
At the martial tramp of the day ;
And the hearts which beat madly fast
To an impulse too sweet to last,
Awake from the bliss of the night-long kiss,
And from day's cold abyss,
Feel the creeping, shivering, freezing breath
Of the bloodless, spectral, engrossing death :
And Fate overtakes them thus,—heart to heart,
For what love has united, death cannot part.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA (*Beethoven*).

I. ANDANTE (*quasi Allegretto*).

AN amorous hour before the blush of day ;
Silver sea-mist, shores kissed with amethyst,
Of lapping waves, breaking in violet spray
 With languid tenderness :
Star galaxies that fade into the sea
 As dies a melody,
Losing itself in wastes of space above ;
 An hour of tender love
Wrought in a shimmering web of music-poesy.

II. SCHERZO.

Love's heart-throbs rapturous !
Excitement wildly sweet !
Swift meeting of red lips in kisses light ;
 A heavenly radiance bright,

For angel lovers meet,
Upsurging passion of love's regal might
One last heart-beat,
Then silence and a shadow of the night.

III. PRESTO AGITATO.

Storm wrack and tempest shocks,
Waves lashing iron rocks,
Love stricken to the earth with pinions torn !
Visions of love-lit days,
Rent by the lightning's blaze,
Storm in the soul, and storm on sea forlorn ;
Star clusters lost to sight,
Gulfed in the womb of night,
Hope shattered in the erstwhile hopeful breast ;
Tempest in earth, in air,
Presage of black despair,
Surging the soul-waves to a vast unrest.

SPRING-SONG.

(On a melody by Charles Gounod.)

AVRIL A PARLÉ.

THE tired earth, wrapped in winter's long sleep,
Now dreams of the sunny spring ;
And her heart beats faster, as in her dream
She hears the first robin sing.

She dreams of green meadows, daisy starred ;
Of the baby brook's tremulous tune ;
She breathes dream perfumes on dream-wings
borne,
From the far off roses of June.

The sun lays his warm hand across her eyes,
She wakes, and smiles up in his face ;
And lusty with strength from her long, long sleep,
She rises from winter's embrace.

She extends her hand in a signal mute,
And the brook begins to flow ;
She touches the trees with caressing care,
And apple-blooms blush and blow.

And everywhere in the hyacinth air,
Sweet melodies float on the breeze,
From the rippling note in the blithe bird's throat,
To the lisp of the lilting leaves.

And the heart of man feels a nameless pain,
For the scents on the breezes flung
Seem odors wafted from strange new climes,
Which the poets have left unsung.

The notes of the bird are as witchingly sweet
As siren song sung from above ;
And the long-buried germ in man's weary heart,
Now blossoms in flowers of love.

Oh, wondrous awakening ! glorious sunshine !
Oh, spring air, with ecstasy riven !
Oh, blithely blown bird notes ! Oh, babbling blue
brooklet !
Oh, music of April and Heaven.

Now time of old miracles, ever mysterious,
We hear these glad words in thy voice :
“ The soul is immortal, and death but a slumber ;
’T is springtime ! ’T is heart-time ! Rejoice ! ”

CHANSON DU PRINTEMPS.

(Norwegian melody, by Edward Grieg.)

OH, sing, ye lads, sing, for the blithe maiden
Spring
Is tripping up cheerily over yon hill ;
And the skies catch the hue of her eyes and turn
blue,
While the birds hear her voice, and rejoicingly
trill.

Oh, sing, ye lads, sing, for the daffodil Spring
Is strewing gay garlands o'er hillsides and meads,
And the slumbering grasses awake as she passes ;
The baby-brook laughs in her cradle of reeds.

Oh, sing, ye lads, sing, for the Juliet-spring,
Has met a bold lover, the merry month, May :
With rapture he sips, from her hyacinth lips,
Sweet kisses, which burn at the birth of the day.

Oh, lads, no more sing, for the fleet, fickle Spring
Has slipped the caresses of amorous May ;
She greets a new comer,—’t is the Romeo-summer,
Who crowns her with roses and leads her away.

RECOLLECTION (*Élégie*).

OÙ SONT FLÉTRI LES JOURS DE MA JEUNESSE ?

(On a song by F. Massenet.)

SING once again that song of strange, sad sweetness,

Replete with souvenance of vanished years ;
When circling summers orb'd to rich complete-
ness.

And wistful autumns smiled through veils of
tears :

Before wild winter came with stormy fears,
And blasted hope by tales of youth's fell fleetness.

Sing, and I see the young-leaved pear-trees shower-
ing

Their blooming argosies on sea-green glades :
 I see again the stately lilies towering,

The daffodils of sunny, shifting shades,
 The glistening grasses with lithe undulous blades,
 The pendulous white locust-cymes' fair flowering.

I dream again the early dreams and fancies,
 Of songs and singers on bright nights in June ;
 I weave again the woof of rare romances,
 Wrought to the cadence of some old tune,
 Caressing cadences from which too soon,
 Time steals the subtle sweetness that entrances.

I feel again warm fingers timid twining
 Within my own, which quiver at their touch ;
 I see again the fires of dark eyes shining,
 Knowing in all the world there shine none such ;
 Oh, halcyon time when love was overmuch,
 And lips were eloquent of sweet divining !

There are no years like those of youth's pure day-
 time,
 When chastened nights bring dreams beyond
 expression,
 When all the world is but one wondrous Maytime,
 And lips make parlance with a close-confession ;

When hearts are throbbing for each spring-
impression,
And every rose-robed morn begins a playtime.

So sing again that song of painful pleasure ;
My lute is shattered and my harp-strings rent,
I cannot sing myself the magic measure,
Sing thou again and ease my discontent ;
Only when brooding over hours long spent,
Do souls disclose their secret mines of treasure.
Sing once again.

RÊVERIE (*Contemplation by Alfred Gaul*).

Look up, sad soul !
Into the days that are to be !
Across life's moaning sea
 Where storm-waves roll,
A distant glory glows,
 'Tinging the angry surge,
With hues of rose,
 And promising for thee
That which thou long'st for most—Repose.

Rise up, sad soul !
Launch forth thy timid barque,
Though shadows may be dark
 And waves still roll ;
Steer for that rosy light,
Which cleaves the night,
Sail up that pathway bright,
 Until, at last,
Life's voyage past,

Thy barque sails safe in amber seas,
Fanned by a summer breeze,
And thou, sad soul, art lulled to sleep,
 Rocked on eternal tides
 Which ebb and flow,
 Resistless, slow.

Awake, O dreaming soul ! Awake !
 For land is near,
And o'er the opalescent wave
 Thou soon shalt hear
Sweet music sounding in sublimest strains.
 Look toward yon glowing west
 Where island-jewels rest,
 Set on the ocean's breast,—
Look, soul ! Canst thou not trace
Upon the strand some dear familiar face ?
 O rapturous soul, thy barque
 Now touches land :
 Look up ! On every hand
A hundred arms stretch forth in glad embrace.
 O soul, though thou art free,
 Look back across the sea
 Into the days that are to be,
Where none can ever fill thy vacant place.

PART II.



"It is in music, perhaps, that the soul more nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the Poetic Sentiment, it struggles,—the creation of supernal Beauty. It may be, indeed, that here this sublime end is now and then attained *in fact*. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FLEURS LYRIQUES.

EN CHEMIN (ON THE PATHWAY).

(On a song by Augusta Holmès.)

OH, wanderer, weeping the whole night long,
For a love which died in its golden noon,
Look up ! List thou to our passionate song,
'Neath the witching wiles of the mad May moon :
In shimmering star-mists Morgana, the fay,
With a face the fairest man ever saw,
Is calling to thee with a love-thralling lay,
“Voyageur ! Ouvre-lui tes deux bras !”
In the long, lush grasses close-crushed by thy feet,
Lie pearls and opals turned women for love ;
And their lips burn scarlet with kisses sweet,
And their eyes catch fire from the skies above.
“O triste voyageur, entends ces accords !”—

Is the rapt refrain of their wild melody ;—
“ Entends la voix magique, et tendres des cors,
Aimons-nous, aimons-nous pour une nuit ! ”
And the air is a-shiver with harp-struck notes,
The night is a-quiver with voices fond,
But the wanderer answers, “ Non ! Je ne veux
rien,
Que les doux cheveux d’or de ma blonde,
Que les yeux bleus profonds de ma blonde,
Que les chers, chers baisers de ma blonde ! ”

LES NUITS D'ÉTÉ.

(*Six songs by Hector Berlioz.*)

“ Souleve ta paupière close,
Qu’effleure un songe virginal,
Je suis le spectre d’une rose,
Que tu portais hier au bal.”

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

LITTLE pictures wrought of moon-mist,
Youthful love and halcyon hours ;
Little glimpses, sylph-like, fleeting
Into hearts of summer flowers ;
Little lingerings in the twilight,
Under trees made dense by spring,
Whence the air-fays, fitful, sportive,
Showers of apple-blossoms fling ;
Little sailings o’er an ocean,
Flecked with opalescent bars,
Where the waves low love-songs murmur,

And the clouds caress the stars ;
Heartfelt sighs for youth departed,
Yearnings after rapture dead,
When the autumn with a death-torch,
Turns the leaves a flaming red.
Little pictures wrought of moon-mist,
Fraught with ecstasy, not art ;
Little pictures, more than great ones,
Nestle in the poet's heart.

AU PRINTEMPS.

(On the Mendelssohn Spring-Song.)

O DOUX printemps, maîtresse d'amour,
Parmi tes fleurs je songe à toi,
Tu as mon âme pour tous mes jours,
Mon cœur est le tien sans retour,
Toujours ma prière est—"Aime-moi!"

O doux printemps, saison joyeuse,
C'est tu qui apporte les mois bénis,
C'est tu qui fait les filles heureuses ;
Faisant leurs pensées amoureuses ;
Réserve de l'hiver est flétri !

O doux printemps, tout embaumé,
Ta beauté a ravi mon âme !
O sois toujours mon bien aimé !
Laisse-moi vivre jusque l'été,
Sans tes baisers,—baisers de flammes !

TOUJOURS À TOI !

(On a song by Tschaikowsky, and on Aubrey Beardsley's "Mysterious Rose Garden" in the '95 January Yellow Book.)

My lady walks in her pearl-pure prime ;
O snowdrops and crocuses, children of spring,
Start into life at her magical tread,
And die 'neath her feet in a bliss sublime,
While choirs of young robins your requiems sing,
And the grasses gleam green from your funeral
bed.

My lady walks in her passion-pent prime ;
O rich, red roses that revel in June,
O passion-flowers pulsing with purple fire,
Vie with each other in amorous crime,
And teach her the secrets of stars and moon,
When Eros woos Night with his love-tranced lyre.

My lady walks in her proud-perfect prime ;
O garden enchantress, whose heart is a rose,
Your witcheries wield as you lean from above,
And tell her, " Youth's vintage is ravished by Time,
Drain the subtle, wild wine ere the beaker o'er-
flows,
Live and die in the plaisance of love ! "

POÈME ÉROTIQUE.

(*Un Petit Morceau pour le Piano*
par E. Grieg.)

“ Que nul soin ne te tourmente,
Aimons-nous, aimons-nous toujours !
La chanson la plus charmante,
Est la chanson des amours ! ”

VICTOR HUGO.

A TONE-POEM, pensive and tender,
A tiny verse brimming with love,
A melody borne on May breezes,
Which kiss the white blossoms above ;
Sweet harmonies, hauntingly dulcet,
Sweet word-tones so swift to allure,
When such sweetness together is blended,
Est vraiment la chanson des amours !
While reading that exquisite lyric,
When hearing that soft music-strain,

The heart must needs cast off its burdens,
The weary soul grow young again ;
For each life must have had its gay springtime
Whose remembrance will ever endure ;
Every heart must have sung in that springtime,
“ Aïmons-nous ! Oh, aïmons-nous toujours ! ”
Toujours ! Ah, hélas ! the bright music
Is ending in sad minor strain ;
“ Le printemps de la vie,” sings the poet,
“ No power can restore us again.”

LA CHANSON D'UNE CHANSON.

" I WILL sing you a song of a song," she said,
And her cheek blushed red as a rose ;
" 'T is tender and low, and I love it so,
He murmured it to me three nights ago,
Sweet and slow like a river's flow, that sings as
onward it goes."

Then she sang a song in my listening ear,
That I 'd listened to once of yore ;
'T was as thrilling sweet as when nightingales
meet,
And unto June roses their vows repeat,
And I swooned at her feet while my poor heart
beat like waves on a surge-swept shore !

.
" I will sing you a song of a song," she cried,
And her cheek was white like death ;
" 'T is that song he sang me so long ago,

But I loathe it now,—though I loved it so ;
I shall hear it forever and ever I know, till I sob
out my dying breath ! ”

Then she sang it in accents so fierce and wild,
That my heart turned ice to its core :
'T was a song of a flower once pure and gay,
Loved for a moment, then tossed away
To lie and to die in the mire of decay—'t was a
song I had known before !

Then I held her close to my broken heart,
And I whispered, “ O weep away !
No woman's love is to man's akin,
Her heart is a home and his heart is an inn,
He lives by her love, but she dies for his sin, yet
sometime there 's a reckoning day ! ”

“ And believe me there never a Faust was born,
And there ne'er was a Marguerite,
But will meet again in the far-away
When the man will weep and the woman will pray,
And for him will come God's judgment day, but
for her God's mercy-seat ! ”

À M^{LE}. EMMA CALVÉ AS "CARMEN."

" L'amour est enfant de Bohême."

BIZET.

A SEA-BLUE sky, a southern breeze,
A glimpse of life in sunny Spain,
Where hearts beat hot and daggers flash,
Where love and death together reign.
A prismic scene of tropic climes,
Set, jewel-like, in northern skies,
While through the scene, with languorous grace,
Moves "Carmen" with her night-black eyes.
We see those black eyes melt to love,
As on "José" she turns her glance ;
Then panther-like, with gesture weird,
She treads an undulating dance ;
We see her as she plays the cards,
And reads her doom in symbols clear ;
She knows no hope, and with a sigh,
Accepts her fate—a fate so near !

.

It is a day of wildest mirth,
Excitement every breast doth fill,
From far and near the people flock,
To see the bull-fight in Seville.
The pavements ring with hoof of horse,
Into the square the vast crowds pour,
And now a glad shout rends the air,
Vivo ! Vivo ! Il Toreador !
Like a flame of tropic sunlight,
"Carmen" leans upon his arm,
(Proud must be that "Escamillo"
Who such beauty shields from harm).
All forgotten in this new love,
Is her old love for "José,"
To this Toreador resplendent
She has given her heart to-day !

.
Yes, but see her now, that "Carmen,"
When "José" springs to her side,
Panting like a wounded tigress,
Dead she falls in all her pride.

.
Done is all the play of passion,
Grandly "Carmen" played her part ;

For that glorious Spanish woman,
Love springs up in every heart.
Unto Calvé be the triumph
Of true Art concealing Art.

L'AMOUR ET LA MUSIQUE.

IF love was born when Venus rose,
Foam-cinctured from the Ionic sea,
Music was born when Venus spoke,
Her youngest words were melody ;
While washing waves on yellow sands
Chimed with her voice in harmony.

Since love and music had one birth,
The glorious twain can never part,
And thus each grand old master found
His mightiest music in his heart,
And inspiration ne'er gave place
To chiselled forms of frigid art.

Since naught can die that 's wrought in love,
The true musician has no fears,
Music that 's traced in heart's red blood,
Must live despite the flight of years,
Anthem-like rising from heart shrines,
Commingling with the song of spheres.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

(*Episode in "L'inferno" of the "Dante Symphony,"*
by Franz Liszt.)

PROLOGUE.

"Nessum maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nella miseria."

L'Inferno, Canto v., vs. 118.

FIERCE writhing tongues of flame,
Blasts from the nether deep,
Swirling the murky mists,
O'er ragged crag and steep ;
Shrieks of lost souls in pain,
Borne on cyclonic sweep,
Lashed by the angry wind,
Which knows not sleep.

Hark ! 'Mid the tempest's rage,
Hark ! Through the storm of hell,
Sounds a low, heart-rent voice
Sweet as a vesper bell :
" Love brought us to one death,
But death cannot love quell,
Though lost, our souls are still
Under love's spell ! "

O, potent powers of love !
O, life which might have been !
O, tempest in the blood
Urging to deeds of sin !
O, siege of sense and brain
Stormed by a foe within ;
Passion that scaled the skies,
Doomed to hell's din !

O, thou sore tortured shade,
Whom naught can e'er console ;
Down through the vaults of time,
Thy anguished accents roll,
Pleading, " 'T was only love,
Love that defied control,
Such love as angels know,
Wrecked my frail soul ! "

Francesca, thy sad tale
 Made Dante's cold heart bound
With pulsing sympathies ;
 And now thy woe is crowned
By the musician's flowers
 Wrought in a wreath of sound,
Till thy sin-pains are known
 The whole world round.

EPILOGUE.

“ Che non tra doglia il misero maggiore,
 Che ricordar la giòja entro il dolore.”
Marino : *Adone*, Canto xiv., st. 100.

AU SOIR (AT EVENING) (*Schumann*).

“ La nuit écoute et se penche sur l’onde,
Pour y cueillir rien qu’un souffle d’amour ;
Pas de lueur, pas de musique au monde,
Pas de sommeil pour moi ni de séjour.
O mère, O nuit, de ta source profonde,
Verse-nous, verse enfin l’oubli du jour.”
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

FAIN would I stand where often I have stood,
Close by the lakeside just without the wood,
Watching the day in night’s dark arms expire,
Stabbed with the dagger of its own desire,
Spilling its blood to stain the clouds with fire,
Then sinking suddenly beneath the wave
Into a watery grave.

Fain would I push my boat out from the shore,
And, leaning on my listless dripping oar,

Drift in a dream betwixt two pulsing blues,
Knowing, that if as bride, cool Death I choose,
That I have all to gain, Death naught to lose ;
And then to calmly slip into the deep,
And ever dreamless sleep.

Such thoughts assail, with superflux of power,
My soul, with each return of twilight's hour ;
I care not for the wines wild lovers take,
No human kiss shall e'er my soul's pledge break,
I have a thirst that I can only slake
By death's cool vintage in the lonely lake ;
There is no rapture, no ecstatic bliss
Like tasting Death's rare kiss !

LA HARPE DE LA VIE.

THIS life is like a mighty harp with world-encir-
cling strings,
Each soul must touch some vibrant chord, which
for a moment rings—
In major or in minor strains, and then on music
wings,
Soars upwards toward the rolling stars, bursting
its bars !

Beneath the touch of some strong life, the music
rings sublime,
And floods with its celestial tones the vaulted halls
of time,
And all the world is better for that noble music's
chime,
The huge harp trembles in delight, struck with
such might !

Some soul-chords breathe as softly sweet as chant
of nightingale ;
While others clash with discord harsh, like winds
in wintry gale ;
And some in piteous monotone sob in a minor
wail ;
But He who hears this symphony loves every
harmony !

SÉRÉNADE PRINTANIÈRE

THINE eyes are deep blue violets,
Thy cheeks a blushing rose,
Thy ripe, red lips are cardinal blooms,
The gayest flower that blows.

.

The flowers are all asleep below, thy flowers asleep
above :

Oh, bid them awake for your sweet soul's sake,
And list to my song of love !

Thy throat is like the lily pale,
Thine arms like willows white,
Thy hair is like the marigold,
Throwing its beams of light.

.

The flowers are all asleep below, thy flowers asleep
above :

Oh, bid them arise at the light of your eyes,
And lean to my lay of love !

If ever I draw thee close to me,
With fond and loving art,
The fairest nosegay in the world,
Will be nestling on my heart !

.

The moon-flowers swoon at my strenuous tune and
the star-flowers burn above ;
And I see you lean through the leafy screen,
And know that you love my love !

DÉSESPÉRANCE (*Sonata pathétique*).

“ Nous voulons

Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou Ciel, qu'importe ?
Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau ! ”

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

BEETHOVEN ! Monarch of the mightiest muse,
Whose kingly citadels are ever stormed
By strenuous spirits of the upper air,
Or desperate demons loosed from hell's grim shore ;
Thy heart is by perpetual war-fires warmed,
And every art thou scornest not to use,
If it can bind a spirit in thy score,
Or chain a demon in divine despair !

Thou plungest to the depths where Eblis fell,
And draggest secrets from the aghast abyss ;
Thou sailest up heaven's tides beyond the bars,
Where sway the surges of supernal seas :
Thou sighest, soul-sad, of an angel's kiss,

Thou utterest shrieks of some lost sinner's hell,
Thou singest, harp-wise, of the breeze-tossed trees,
Thou flingest melodies like falling stars.

But through thy music, like an under-note,
There runs a strain of dominating care,
As if the first foundation of all life,
The key-stone in the arch of human-kind,
Was some black block, hewn from the rock,
Despair ;
Most of life's phrases are too sad to quote,
And thou, great master, who can call thee blind ?
Is life's long journey anything but strife ?

We only die when breathing mortal breath ;
We only live when, hid from sun and sky,
Oblivious, in our deep, dark graves we lie ;
And after the Lethean draught we drain,
We trust to slumber and ne'er wake again,
Self-namèd victims on glad altars slain,
Lying unloved, unloving all,—but Death.

PART III.



" Music is to our hearts as is the wind to the Æolian harp. It plays upon our heart-strings, and while we hear the sound of the strings, and imagine that it is the instrument that vibrates it is our own hearts which in reality vibrate; our hearts are bleeding while the instrument is but dead wood."

MERZ.

THREE SONNETS.

(*On Dr. Dvořák's Triple Overture.*)

I. NATURE.

A RADIANT afternoon in early spring,
When glinting sunbeams make the meadows bright,
When wandering wind-fays blow their trumpets
 light,
And down their airy paths soft music fling :
It is the time when violets wake, to bring
A flush of purple dawn o'er winter's night ;
When all the world is wondrous to the sight,
And nameless ecstasy makes poets sing.
It is the glorious childhood of the year,
A time of birdlings, buds, and perfumes bland ;
The sea-blue sky has drawn its arch so near,
That heaven encircles us on every hand.
Oh, growing nature, now so fair to see,
What will the fulness of thy promise be ?

II. LIFE.

Oh, life, so raging, maddening, passion-fraught !
Endless delirium of pulse and brain !
Sinking in ashes, flaming wild again !
Eternal war of matter and of thought !
Secret of happiness, forever sought,
Why dost thou still elude these weary men ?
Olive-hued Peace, by life-blood only bought,
Why wilt thou not begin thy happy reign ?
Onward we whirl throughout Life's awful dance ;
A waltz, gigantic, terror-breeding, sounds.
Bewildered, here and there we turn our glance,
Each questioning heart with ghostly impulse
 bounds.
Fiercer the music draws its mighty breath,
And hurls us downward, in the gulfs of Death.

III. LOVE.

The summer moon sails softly up the skies,
Flooding with light the palpitating air,
Sweet on rose-petals lie the dew-tears fair ;
List ! Canst thou hear the wandering night-wind's
 sighs ?

Dreaming, I gaze into thy star-like eyes :
My soul-thoughts revel in the lustre there,
Lost, for one golden hour, is earthly care,
My raptured spirit dwells in paradise.
Love from the smiling stars, slides down in thrills ;
Love from the kindly moon, doth burn and gleam ;
Love ripples forth whene'er the night-bird trills ;
The dewy roses kiss Love in their dream.
" I love thee, God of love, where'er thou art !
Oh, lay thy burning finger on my heart ! "

A GROUP OF CHORDS.

I. THE DIMINISHED SEVENTH.

A CLASHING dissonance, a restless voice,
That strives in vain 'mid warring minor-thirds,
Fierce as the shriek of storm-born ocean-birds,
Finding no peace, forbidden to rejoice.
Doomed by a mystic spell to ever more
Breathe terror on the palpitating air,
Breeding the fatal thoughts of fear and care,
Banishing happy fancies, rife before.
Oh, tragic chord, thou only playest a part
In this world's clamors, bitterness, and grief,—
Thy harmonies can never bring relief
To him who hears their echo in his heart.

II. THE MINOR TRIAD.

Sad, yet how sweet ; plaintively exquisite,
Filling the soul with more than earthly pain,

Pain that is rapture, as when strained dry eyes
Feel the blest impulse of warm tears again.
Thou sing'st of mortal fate in sombre tones,
Uttering the truth of all humanity,
Yet with an essence subtle as dream-tones,
Fraught with a hope of immortality.
Stealing to wakeful ears at dead of night,
Murmuring of rest within the quiet grave,
Whispering low,—“Alas ! 't is only there
That you can find that dreamless sleep you crave.”
O minor harmony, like snow in spring,
Beneath whose mantle shivering nature cowers,
The ear but hears the snow-tones in thy voice,
The soul perceives, beneath the snow, spring
flowers.

III. THE MAJOR TRIAD.

Strong with the strength of faultless harmony,
Completely satisfying to the ear,
End and beginning of all joyful strains,
Grand in simplicity so bright, so clear :
Emblem of noble minds and lofty thoughts,
No complex passions wage their ceaseless strife,
A rock of stalwart harmony which towers

Above the waves of discord in this life.
Urging, with clarion voice, all men to strive
Upon life's stage to act the nobler part,
Rousing the pure emotions for grand deeds,
Stirring the very harp-strings of the heart.
Thou primal triad, born 'mid rolling spheres,
When myriad stars moved singing thro' the sky,
Thou art the mighty Trinity of Sound,
Whose triune harmonies can never die.

MUSICIANS' POETS.

(*A Sonnet-Sequence.*)

I. PROLOGUE.

FOR you, whose life-part 't is to pipe and play,
For you, whose lot it is, in song and verse,
"Ye olden tymes" in ballads to rehearse ;
(Composing madrigal and virelay
On ancient chivalry and its proud day,
When stately Norman dames held high converse
With pious pilgrims and did give their purse
For holy rosaries on which to pray).
For you, who make those days your favorite
themes,
(Dwelling amid the scenery of romance) ;
For *you*, I weave this tapestry of dreams,
And fix this pennon-fancy on my lance ;
Poets,—musicians, watch the same Star-Beams,
And, to one cradle, Magi-like, advance.

II. HEINRICH HEINE (*Schubert*).

More than all other poets, it is thou,
Heine, to whom the world's musicians kneel.
Thou know'st so well all that tried spirits feel
Who never to a man-made law will bow !
Thou see'st us men with thorn-encircled brow,
Who, outcast from our kind, to God appeal.
But God is Sphinx-like ; then our hearts we steel,
And drain life's wine-cups, knowing All is Now !
Yet e'en when flashing forth thy falchion bare,
Thou droppest song-pearls, which the musician
strings
Into a necklace for his lady fair :
Pearls with the argent gleam of angel-wings
Which surely they have caught, sometime, some-
where,
When thou wast soaring for God's hidden things.

III. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (*Palestrina*).

There dwelt a star in God's fair firmanent,
Who loved a poet in the world below,
And oft she watched him pacing to and fro,
Unsleeping and athirst for lost content :
Then, loving much, at Mary's feet she bent,

And, finding favor, downward thence she went,
And kissed his heart, withdrawing thus the sting,
And aureoled with joy, made white ascent :
The poet's soul, pain-lightened at her touch,
Heard the sweet music of the seraph's wing,
And filled with heaven's inflatus overmuch,
A canticle of chastest love did sing ;
The very angels stilled their harps and listened,
And Mary's eyes with happy tear-stars glistened !

IV. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
(*Tschaikowsky*).

O poet, proudly puissant, grand innate,
Sentient of sensuous sights and raptures rare,
Culling flame-flowers, poisonously fair,
Standing on spell-bound shores where strange
ships grate,
Freighted with beings proud in free estate,
Divinely nude and panoplied in air,
Living true lives, untroubled by life's care,
Knowing that Love is Life, and Death is Fate ;
A wizard seem'st thou of some faery isle,
Singing as sirens sang in days of old,
Lays, which life's seamen from their paths, beguile,

To steer for scenes of splendor all untold,
Where new delights renew the age of gold,
And man is happy for one little while.

V. ALFRED DE MUSSET (*Massenet*).

Où sont flétri les jours de ma jeunesse ?
Its violet dawns, its flame-flower fringed noons,
Its lilac twilights, and its full-blown moons,
The luscious half-lights of night's languidness ;
Ceux-là étaient les jours de mon ivresse,
When Rosaly's low-murmured tristful tunes,
And, in our woodland, trees bore love-carved runes,
And Love grew languid of its own excess.
Hélas ! Mes jours du plaisir sont passés,
Nothing that e'er has been can be again,
In March is birth ; life, joy, and love, in May ;
Life's sad, soul-partings come in triste September,
'Then Indian-summer when we both remember
The happy past : then Winter's cold and rain.

VI. JOHN KEATS (*Mendelssohn*).

Come, Mistress Phyllida, come haste away
To wind-blown uplands, where in roseate bowers,
Upon a dais, Spring sits crowned with flowers,
And radiant like a god from Arcady !

Around him nymphs and satyrs sportive play,
Drinking from calyx-cups the wine of showers,
Honeyed by subtle spells of faery powers,
Woven at witching hours before the day.
Then haste thee, Phyllida, to join the throng
Of fawns who pipe and play, and nymphs who
 dance ;
The festival already lingers long,
And Dian and her silver steeds advance ;
Too soon, alas ! Pan's pipes will all have ceased,
And stars will blossom in the darkling east.

VII. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (*Chopin*).

Beyond the far horizon lies a land,
Where towering mountains rise from purple seas,
Where stretch long vistas of primeval trees,
And odorous airs by prismic plumes are fanned.
One day a man's light shallop touched that strand,
He felt upon his cheek the winnowing breeze,
He saw the mountain's myrtled majesties
Incarnadined by sunset's torches grand !
His ear, acute in Nature's monotone,
Heard hundred harmonies of varying sweetness,
And every sound within his magic zone
Orbed to a radiant star of rich completeness ;

So many gods he finds to worship there,
He is enamoured of divine despair !

VIII. VICTOR HUGO (*Wagner*).

Thou Giant Romancer of strenuous powers,
A shape Titanic seem'st thou of wild days,
When monstrous suns burned heaven with fiercer
 rays,
And black, bare mountains reared their barren
 towers.

When rugged earth knew not the blush of flowers,
But rent its heart in red volcanic blaze,
And murky smoke hung low in shifting haze,
And forms infernal lurked in dun-hued bowers.
Yet 'mid such war and strife thy forceful heart
With ardor beat to lift the human yoke ;
And, wielding hammers hotly stroke by stroke,
Thou clov'st the ill away, till, part by part,
The black-born spell of Nature's legions broke,
And Man became the master by pure Art.

IX. EPILOGUE.

O Artists of the Fair, the Good, the True,
It is a high presuming deed of mine,

To sweep my baser harp-strings after thine,
And any footsteps of the Muse pursue ;
But, though no other heart love what I do,
I still must sing my songs and not repine ;
Heaven's blue cathedral dome seems less divine,
Unless I soar a little in its blue ;
And though I only mount a trifling way,
Nobler I feel than if I ne'er had flown,
A breath of purer air refines life's day,
A little more of God is now mine own,
No high endeavor goes without repay,
And every soul must reap what it has sown.

ADDENDA.

NIRVÂNA.

To drift on an ocean of breathless balm,
Calm as a lake when no wind is straying,
Swaying as feathery fronds of the palm
Sway when the orient breezes are playing,
Couched in a cave hung with sea-fringes dripping,
Sipping the bitter-sweet wines of the deep ;
Sleep stealing swiftly and weary eyes slipping
Into calm closure, while blue shadows creep,
Slumbering deep in some forest olden
Beholden of none—the red poppies among ;
Young with a joy that the age is golden,
Old in firm faith of delights unsung,
Meshed in a star-jewelled web of dreaming,
Seeming to see—where the paths are blind ;
Mind alive to the flame-tongues gleaming,
Teeming with still souls, consumed, confined,
Fires athwart the dulness flashing,
Clashing of colors in weird combining,

Twining of rainbows with spray-sparks splashing,
Dashing adown where the rocks wait pining,
Resting the head on some bosom's soft sweetness,
Fleetness of youth and of joy unthinking,
Drinking the rapture of passion's completeness,
Soul and sense in forgetfulness sinking.
When to the depths of Nirvâna we 've drifted,
Shifted will be every cloud leaden-freighted ;
Fated forever, we 'll never be lifted ;
Gifted with bliss—with Death-Ecstasy mated !

NOCTURNE.

Oh, love, beware ! The garden close sleeps sweet,
The roses cast their bloom-leaves at your feet ;
Amid the swaying shadows of the trees
I see you walking sad and ill at ease,
Your hand upon your heart to dull its beat.

Oh, love, beware ! Life's voyage is so fleet—
Each wave that bears Youth's argosy replete
With low, sad mumurs of the ancient seas.

Oh, love, beware !

Oh, let me come ! Love's hour is now complete,
My spirit burns with wild impetuous heat
To tell my rosary at thy low knees ;
Each bead, new wonder, at love's mysteries,
Until at last our yearning lips shall meet.

Oh, love, beware !

OH, TELL ME NOT !

Oh, tell me not that life is dark !
That ne'er a ray of light will shine !
Oh, tell me not that sickening care
And cold despair must still be mine !

Oh, tell me not that all things fade !
That happy hours ne'er come again !
That my poor heart must beat unloved,
And every pleasure bring a pain !

Oh, tell me not that wearing grief
Must ever be my part and lot !
Better it were to sleep in peace
Where earthly sorrows trouble not.

On life's great pathway here I stand :
Oh, tell me not that path must be
Without one ray of sunshine bright,
But dark and dangerous as a sea !

Oh, tell me not how I must strive,
Be it for little or for much,
And see the prize when in my hand
Turning to ashes, at my touch !

Oh, cruel fate ! how long—how long
Must thou and I this life endure ?
Thou unrelenting as a god,
I, in my sorrow, weak and poor.

— Come, Famine, Fever, Wasting Care !
Who live upon the heart and brain,
With all your terrors I could cope
Better than with this nameless pain.

A THOUGHT.

A HIDDEN beauty dwells in meanest things,
Did we but walk the earth with open eyes :
The lovely would be loved, if in some wise
Our unwinged sight could find its folded wings ;
The lowliest weed that in our pathway springs,
Dreams of a grander growth 'neath wider skies ;
The summer lark the loftier it flies,
Adown its sky-path sweeter music flings ;
Each uncut block of Parian marble-stone
Holds in its heart some goddess purely fair,
With eyes upturned in sublime despair,
And lips pain-parted in a soundless moan :
World mysteries confront us everywhere—
Wonders we know and wonders all unknown.

TWO ROSE SONGS.

I.

OH, rich, rare, ruddy rose-bud upon the bush
—above,

Stay still a coyful rose-bud,

Nor list to lays of love ;

Let all thy tears, oh, rose-bud, be dew tears from the
skies,

Let every breath, oh, rose-bud, be but the summer
sighs.

For somewhere waits a youth, dear,

Whose timid heart beats fast

As he meets a pure young maiden,

And tells his love at last.

And when you 've heard his story,

Just a-swaying up above,

You 'll burst to bloom for yearning and show your
heart 's for love ;

Then rich, red rose of beauty, the youth, in highest
bliss,
Will place you in his heart, rose, and give you one
glad kiss.

II.

I gave you a garland of roses red,
Red for the blood of my heart ran high ;
And the world seemed a rose-bed though winter
was nigh ;
And Life seemed June 'neath a frosty sky.
I pressed the roses upon your heart,
And I loved them there for their nestling grace ;
'Till May came in and bade April depart,
And a new sun shone in the old sun's place.
And the roses that bloomed under winter skies
Fell apart at one warm embrace ;
And I yearned for a light in your dreamful eyes—
But a new light shone in the old light's place.

CONFESSION.

WOULD I could be at peace at last
With mine own self, and with clear eyes
Behold the lights of paradise
As once I saw them in the past !

Would I could free my strenuous soul
From questionings of mortal mind,
From searchings where it cannot find,
From strivings for more clear control !

Would I were sure, for human kind,
Some payment crowns the well-run race !
Although the mighty Master's face
Is not revealed, or we are blind !

Would in Life's tide that ebbs and flows
My separate wave could find some shore,
And be resolved for evermore
Into the silent land's repose !

Would I could be as I have been,
And look as I have looked in youth,
Unquestioning in the eyes of Truth,
Unasking for the things unseen.

So hard we strive to walk aright,
To slip the leashes of despair,
That every thought becomes a prayer,
A tense appeal for purer light !

A cry that it may come to pass
That earth renew the age of gold,
That all the darkness we behold
Be but cloud-shadows on the grass !

A cry that sometime we may drift
Into a sea of ceaseless calm ;
Like lotos flowers bathed in balm
Upon the pulseless wave uplift !

A cry that we again may hear
The melodies of early years,
And know the luxury of tears
Without the elements of fear !

A cry to feel that trustful love,
That tears are given us for food,
To minister to final good,
To strengthen us to mount above.

All, all in vain ! So let us grope ;
When Death has healed the wound of Life,
Perchance the elements of strife
May mould a form of clearer hope.

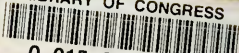
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